

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:  
704 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1894, at  
the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of  
Congress of March 3, 1879.

SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch-Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.  
Daily and Sunday.....50 cents per month  
Daily and Sunday.....\$5.00 per year  
Daily, without Sunday.....40 cents per month  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$4.00 per year  
Sunday, without daily.....25 cents per month  
Sunday, without daily.....\$2.50 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous  
contributions, and no communications to  
the editor will be printed except over the  
name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will  
be returned if unavailable, but stamps  
should be sent with the manuscript for  
that purpose.

All communications intended for this  
newspaper, whether for the daily or the  
Sunday issue, should be addressed to  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING  
SPECIAL AGENT, Brunswick Building.  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-  
HAM, Boyce Building.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1909.

## LET YOUR PAPER FOLLOW YOU.

The Washington Herald will be  
mailed upon request to subscribers  
leaving the city during the summer  
months. Change of address will be  
made as frequently as desired; no  
notice of such change should give  
both the old and new address.  
Notify your carrier or newsdealer or  
telephone direct to The Wash-  
ington Herald, 704 15th st. n.w. The  
subscription rate is the same out  
of town as in the city.

## Instructive Anniversaries.

The Georgia legislature happily did not  
do several things that it threatened. To  
its positive credit is to be placed the  
creation of a "Georgia Day." The 12th  
of February each year will be observed  
in the public schools of the State as the  
anniversary of the landing of the first  
colonists in Georgia under Oglethorpe.  
The act instructs the State commissioner  
of schools to co-operate with the county  
school superintendents in devising cer-  
emonies calculated to impress the im-  
portance of that event upon the minds  
of the children. All of these exercises  
will be designed not only to emphasize  
the initial arrival of the colonists, but to en-  
courage the further study of the history  
of the State. These local programmes  
will include patriotic songs and recita-  
tions by the pupils, and addresses fitting  
the occasion by prominent citizens. This  
recognition of an anniversary commemo-  
rating the birth of a Commonwealth is  
due to the commendable advocacy of the  
Daughters of the American Revolution.

Attention has been called repeatedly  
of late to the increasing number of hol-  
idays in the United States, some of them  
only of State observance. The tendency  
has been criticised as not in accord with  
the aim of practical utility. That criti-  
cism may or may not hold good, accord-  
ing to the dignity of purpose in the hol-  
iday and the method of its observance.  
But it may be noted that the Oglethorpe  
anniversary in Georgia is not a holiday  
in the sense of mere merrymaking, how-  
ever wholesome a form that may assume.  
Rather is it a day of sound instruction  
in history, conveying lessons of cour-  
ageous enterprise, and valid reasons for  
lifelong pride in the spirit and traditions  
of the child's native State. The exer-  
cises are a break in the routine of school  
work, but they are made a part of the  
general process of education. This plan  
in Georgia merits imitation. Every  
Commonwealth in the Union has some  
day that marks an initial point in its  
history, and whose significance can be  
impressed upon its receptive youth.  
Moreover, the observance of such days  
will not be without benefit to the elders.

## Mentioning Mules.

Attention is respectfully directed to the  
following bit of current news:

"Allentown, Pa., Aug. 15.—A middle-aged man,  
while coasting down the Hamilton street hill on a  
bicycle, struck a stone, was pitched off his machine  
and landed headfirst between the front legs of  
the mule attached to a wagon of the Allen Trans-  
fer Company.

"The mules stopped immediately and did not move  
until the man had scrambled from underneath them.  
When he was finally free of them he said:

"Well, I'll never say another word again' mules."

We are glad this gentleman escaped  
physical injury, but we apprehend he  
knows precious little about mules, or he  
never would have made the concluding  
statement attributed to him. The mean-  
ing of mules is not located in their  
front legs; and it is a noteworthy and  
felicitous truth that the party to the spe-  
cific instance herein cited landed between  
the front legs of these specific, but pre-  
sumably average, mules. Of course, the  
mules saw him coming, and observed  
that he came with no hostile intent.  
They appreciated the fact, in short, that  
the whole affair was an accident pure and  
simple. Moreover, they could not have  
kicked him with their front feet, no mat-  
ter how great the temptation to do so  
might have been, and it is notoriously a  
fact that mules never assault persons  
otherwise than by kicking them.

But had this said middle-aged man  
collided with these said mules from the  
rear; ah, indeed, that would have been  
another story! Mules, in such circum-  
stances, try defendants, find them guilty,  
and inflict immediate punishment upon  
them before they think of considering  
evidence tending to establish a probable  
innocent motive or lack of malicious pur-  
pose. The so-called business end of a  
mule is the most strictly business end of  
anything in this world, perhaps. Its  
managing director has absolutely no re-  
gard for anybody's feelings whatsoever.  
The hind leg of a mule strikes with light-  
ning-like swiftness, and its accuracy of  
aim would arouse the admiration of  
Bwana Tumbo himself. It reasons not  
why; and not to the mule's utter  
discredit, but not at all to its embarrass-  
ment, it cares not a hoot!

And so, we think the man concerned in  
this story should qualify his precipi-  
tately acquired good opinion of the mule

with a mental reservation or two—that  
is, if he expects to have anything in par-  
ticular to do with mules in the future.  
The next time he may not be so fortu-  
nate in his approach. He may collide  
with the Dreadnought end rather than  
with the Hague extremity. In which mel-  
ancholy event it would perhaps be some  
time before he would be able to say any-  
thing at all of what he thinks about  
mules, and then, in all probability, he  
would hesitate to say it in the presence  
of ladies.

It makes a lot of difference which way  
you get at a mule.

## Glorious Pumpkin Pie.

Towns and cities in these days of  
wholesome rivalry for trade and popula-  
tion seek to advertise themselves. The  
town of Longmont, in far Colorado, has  
hit upon a plan at once practical, prac-  
tical, gustatory, and aesthetic. It has  
chosen the pie as the luscious medium of  
heralding about its present attractions  
and future greatness. The Longmont pie  
is not the pastry of the factory. It is the  
homemade product, such as mother used  
to make. And above all, it is the pump-  
kin pie, whose ancestry is traced back  
to the days of the Puritans, and whose  
golden hue, delightful in austere New  
England, is more appropriate to the au-  
riferous State.

The census has not recorded the popu-  
lation of this Colorado output of civiliza-  
tion. But its product of pies upon the  
occasion of this auspicious festival num-  
bered 10,000. That was a legion of pies,  
but it was marched forth in crisp array  
to its predestined and beneficent fate. It  
is declared that the pies were all con-  
sumed. Announcement most superlative!  
What patron of normal appetite and ca-  
pacity would ever leave a pumpkin pie  
to languish amid its undevoured frag-  
ments? Moreover, the pumpkin pie is a  
digestible work of art. Its absorption  
into the human system entails no pangs,  
but only the joys of lingering reminiscence.  
No one who partook of the bounty  
of that festival can have any, but fond  
memories of the town, if, indeed, able  
to resist the opportunity to become a  
permanent resident amid the scenes of  
such recurrent joys. The fame of this  
Colorado town will not go thundering  
down the ages. It will simply glide along  
the corridors of time, a majestic and  
ever attractive figure. In the future,  
when the town shall have become a city,  
its coat of arms should include a pump-  
kin pie, or, as an edible element of her-  
aldry, the historic codfish of Massachusetts,  
which, while well enough in its  
salted way, cannot compare with this  
golden product of field, sunshine, house-  
wifely skill, and the oven.

## An Italian Critic.

Signor Ferrero, the Italian historian  
whose vivid treatment of the civilization  
of ancient Rome has found popular ap-  
preciation, albeit also scholarly criticism,  
is not altogether committed to praise in  
his comments upon this modern republic.  
He has delivered several lectures upon  
his observations during a hurried tour of  
this country, which extended from the  
White House to the Rockies, and he car-  
ried away a horrified impression of what  
he is pleased to call the wage-slavery of  
the United States.

This distinguished historian should stick  
to his yesterdays. He does not agree, as  
to the affairs of to-day, with several hun-  
dred thousands of his own countrymen.  
They encountered difficulty in making  
a bare living in their native land of  
sunshine and black bread. Their shelters  
were hovels, their nutriment was meager,  
they were without schools or amusement.  
But in their wretched lives there gleamed  
a star of hope. Its rays beamed from  
beyond the Atlantic. They filled the steer-  
ages of ships bound for America. They  
found work in building railways and other  
useful occupations good for muscle  
and appetite. They found wholesome  
food and free schools for their children.  
They learned that contentment and pros-  
perity, not wretchedness and anarchy,  
are here normal conditions, and they  
were confronted with the opportunity of  
acquired citizenship and a share in even  
the unperfected blessings of self-govern-  
ment. With their habit of thrift, they  
could save money from the wages of  
their "slavery." If they chose, in time  
they could return to their native land,  
buy a vineyard and olive grove, and be  
as happy as any impoverished knight  
or marquis. Signor Historian, if that be  
slavery, make the most of it! But you  
can perhaps gather much really illuminat-  
ing information about the United  
States by consulting some of your hap-  
pily returned countrymen whose sojourn  
here was long enough to include indus-  
trial information of some accuracy.

## What Is a Baby Worth?

"What is a baby worth?" asks the  
Philadelphia North American. It all de-  
pends on whose baby it is.

"Nothing can destroy my interest in  
politics," avers Mr. Thomas Collier Platt.  
And nothing can revive politics' interest  
in Mr. Platt.

"There is an indescribable fascination  
about work," says the Fort Worth Rec-  
ord. The Record means other people's  
work, however.

Over in Crete the Greek flag certainly is  
having its ups and downs.

King Edward is said to have "smiled at  
Maxine Elliott." We can readily be-  
lieve it.

While the undertakers are not respon-  
sible for the popularity of automobile  
races, they probably have no complaint  
to register against them.

The London suffragettes certainly have  
caught a Tartar in Mr. Asquith. He re-  
fuses to talk back to them, and nothing  
in the world makes a woman madder.

When an Alabama legislator goes joy-  
riding on one of his pet hobbies, he can  
surely do the most astonishing stunts  
ever.

One thing we rather like about Mr.  
Walter Wellman: he is always his own  
relief expedition.

A scientist says, "It is good for children  
to eat candy." We suspect that man  
might even write a grammar the school  
children would like.

A Jersey City baseball fan opened his  
mouth so wide while yelling the other  
day that a sparrow flew in and almost  
choked him to death. As you probably

are quite sure you have occupied a seat  
alongside of this party on more than one  
occasion, we presume you are prepared to  
tender scant sympathy.

Whatever the military bigwigs may say,  
we opine Boston was captured and re-  
duced to a pulverized condition. Other-  
wise, why the silence of Mr. Thomas W.  
Lawson?

That Virginia man who thirteenth child-  
ren surely must conceive Hades to be a  
place where people spend their time hunt-  
ing available quarters in apartment  
houses.

"Missouri has a law which makes it a  
felony to bring the dead to life," says the  
Norfolk Virginian-Pilot. Still, if Mr.  
Joseph Wingate Folk should succeed in  
bringing himself to life, it might not  
apply.

"Does Turkey Mean War?" inquires  
the Atlanta Georgian in an editorial head-  
line. Turkey means hash and strict econ-  
omy for at least one week after.

A Kansas paper announces that it "fa-  
vors prohibition, but opposes its enforce-  
ment." That surely would seem to "catch  
'em a-gwine and a-comin'."

"Modern flying machines are doing  
everything but laying eggs," says the  
Cleveland Leader. And an alrship surely  
must have a hatchway about it some-  
where.

"Nobody ever hears of a Democratic  
clambake," says the Buffalo News. And  
nobody ever hears of a Republican bar-  
becue.

"Champ Clark is convinced that Roose-  
velt will be the next candidate of the Re-  
publican party," says the Birmingham  
Age-Herald. And—? Go on, Mr. Clark.

We have often heard of people who  
could not tell whether they were going or  
coming. Looks as if Mr. Wu is one of  
them.

So Mr. Taft has been "advised not to  
talk trifle while touring the West," has  
he? Fancy "advising" Mr. Roosevelt not  
to talk anything he felt inclined to talk!

"What is rest?" inquires the Charleston  
News and Courier. Old Judge Bleckley,  
of Georgia, once designated rest to be  
"motion at maximum velocity."

"Marriage licenses have been reduced  
from \$3 to \$2 in the State of Washington,"  
says the Chicago Post. This is commend-  
able, of course, but was it not rather  
mean to wait until after the June bride  
season to inaugurate the cut?

Mr. Walter Wellman's dashes for the  
north pole do not seem to be much more  
than hyphens.

An Atlanta mule recently kicked a trol-  
ley car off the track. It may yet become  
necessary to match the mule against the  
obstreperous automobile.

It is distressing to hear it suggested  
that the new Lincoln pennies may be  
used to beat the five-cent-in-the-slot tel-  
ephones. The price of the telephone ser-  
vice probably will be raised to 10 cents in  
order to avoid the difficulty, if it be true.

## ABOUT PUBLIC MEN.

Mr. Rockefeller's Future Treasure.  
From the Atlanta Constitution.  
Deacon Rockefeller talks of heaven as if he  
owned it.

Mr. Bryan in Texas.  
From the Topeka Journal.  
Mr. Bryan will find that Texas is just as far from  
Washington as Nebraska is.

Executive Education.  
From the Omaha Bee.  
President Taft will visit more places, meet more  
people, and travel more miles in his coming tour  
than any President has ever done.

Mr. Wilson's Optimism.  
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.  
Good for "Uncle Jimmy" Wilson, whose single-  
hearted devotion to the farmers' interest is only  
eclipsed by his unquenchable optimism!

Mr. MacVeigh's Smaller Currency.  
From the Springfield Republican.  
Opposition is developing in financial circles to  
Secretary MacVeigh's reported plan of reducing  
the size of the paper currency of the United  
States.

Mr. Taft at New Orleans.  
From the Chicago Post.  
The Taft reception committee at New Orleans  
will not wear silk hats or frock coats. Nothing  
will be done otherwise, except, to remind the Pres-  
ident of the members of Congress.

Mr. Harriman's Starvation.  
From the Boston Herald.  
It seems like the story of fate that the diagnosis  
of Mr. Harriman's case by the Viennese special-  
ist should attribute his shattered nervous condition  
to any degree of underfeeding.

The President's Tariff Data.  
From the Philadelphia Press.  
The representatives of the government abroad will  
be expected to furnish much of the data on which  
the President will base his decision as to whether  
the higher or lower duties should be imposed.

Mr. Tillman's Home Pursuits.  
From the New York Sun.  
The last we heard of Capt. Ben, he was danc-  
ing breakdowns on the corpses of his Palmetto  
countrymen, beating the newspapers in full possession  
of his vigor and vocabulary, and enjoying himself  
to the top of his bent.

Always Read the Postscript.  
From the Chicago News.  
He proposed to her by mail and by  
letter she replied. He read her brief  
refusal, then committed suicide. Alas!  
he'd be alive to-day and she a happy  
bride had he but read the postscript  
on the other side.

The Chief Defect.  
From the New York Herald.  
It is suggested that selfishness is the  
great need of the world to-day. Trouble  
everybody is waiting for the other  
fellow to start.

A VALLEY IN AVILLOX.  
From the Chicago News.  
Hurt by love's darts I creep away  
Far from the eyes and haunts of men,  
To valleys where loving fancies stray.  
O'ching with blue, unclouded with gray;  
Where pain, not troubles ever stay;  
Nor do I want to come again;  
But lonely walk, for true love's sake,  
With feet that never can forsake  
A Valley in Avillox.

Dear heart of mine—this boom I pray:  
Let not your soul forsake me, when,  
Back to the world's bright and gay,  
So full of laughter, life, and play  
You pass—and I have gone away.  
Remember, sweet, that I'll be then  
Wandering dear, for true love's sake,  
With feet that never can forsake  
A Valley in Avillox.

In that lone vale my heart for aye  
Shall yearn for things beyond my ken:  
The white salt gutting down the bay;  
Syring; and the blossoms of May—  
And backward, dear, my thoughts will stray  
To you and our true love again.  
Yet shall I walk—for true love's sake,  
With feet that never can forsake  
A Valley in Avillox.

LENOVO  
Dearest of mine, to whom I pray:  
Mist I, indeed, for forth and aye;  
Just I—to seek the golden day;  
Ah, come with me, for true love's sake—  
Your feet, for true love's sake,  
That Valley in Avillox.

—Mrs. Leslie Carter, in New York Star.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

## A GOOD BUSINESS.

I'd like to own a street car line;  
It ought to pay.  
The people ride when it is fine  
To heat alloy.  
Of course, they ride when it is wet,  
For then they wish  
To quickly under shelter get;  
Man is no fish.

And so a street car line, you see,  
May business find,  
No matter what conditions be  
With human kind.  
The winning point is my  
Attention drawn;  
No other business profits by  
Its hangers-on.

Assimilated.  
"That man couldn't interpret a single  
passage of the Constitution."  
"Yet you naturalized him, Judge."  
"Well, he was away up on batting av-  
erages. I guess he'll make a good Ameri-  
can."

Would Seem So.  
"Her husband hasn't spoken to her in  
ten years. What do you suppose is the  
matter with him?"  
"He must be cross about something."

Arouses His Interest.  
"So you won't go to the dramatic read-  
ings?"  
"No education for me."  
"A young lady is to read extracts from  
Salome."  
"Sure I'll go. Is it to be in costume?"

Rival Beau.  
Two rival suitors swear to mop  
Each other from the map.  
There is no way their gab to stop  
Or bring about a scrap.

And Have a Monopoly.  
"With all the poets writing street car  
verse, Pegasus is out of a job."  
"Who is Pegasus?"  
"The winged horse."  
"He might get work towing disabled  
airships in."

His Argument Won.  
"But I don't want a man over thirty."  
"How old are you, sir, may I ask?"  
"Fifty-two."  
"Ain't you as good a business man as  
any ever were?"  
"I am."  
"So am I," declared the applicant, and  
got the job.

Hobo Aristocracy.  
"But your leisure class in America  
seems rather small."  
"Oh, I don't know. Look at the park  
ranger. There are about as many as the  
benches will accommodate."

ANIMAL FOES OF MAN.

Statistics Indicate the Snake as Our  
Most Formidable Enemy.

From the Cleveland Leader.  
When a famous Nimrod goes from the  
White House to the wilds of Africa to  
hunt beasts, large and small, a keen and  
wide interest is aroused among millions  
of people by stories of the attacks made,  
now and then, upon human victims by  
predatory creatures of the forests and the  
plains. For grown-ups, as well as boys  
and girls, there is a peculiar thrill in tales  
of the stalking of men and women by  
great cats. In some degree it may be an  
instinctive fear of carnivorous beasts  
which has come down from the far-off  
ages when in Europe, as well as Africa  
and Asia, man had to fight for his life  
against his many foes of the wilderness.

Even now the wild creatures of the  
jungles, the mountains, and the plains take  
a considerable toll of human life. At least  
3,000 people perish every year in India  
from the bites of snakes and the teeth  
and claws of tigers, leopards, wolves, and  
other beasts of prey. That means about  
four times the total mortality in Cleve-  
land. If complete records could be made  
of the killing of human beings by wild  
animals, snakes included, in all parts of  
the world, the figures would be staggering.

But the great bulk of this formidable  
mortality is made up of victims of snakes.  
The silent destroyers that crawl on the  
ground slay at least five times as many  
human beings as are killed by lions,  
tigers, leopards, wolves, and other like  
foes. The small, still enemies of man are  
by far the most formidable, and the less  
their size the more terrible the havoc  
they cause. There is no room for doubt  
that they kill a much greater number of  
human beings than all of the beasts of  
prey, with all of the poisonous serpents  
added. They spread diseases which slay  
their hundreds, while huge and powerful  
beasts kill side by side.

In like manner, the warfare which flies  
wage upon human life is less terrible in  
its effects than the work of the unseen,  
minute organisms which we swallow  
without knowing it. The microscopic foes  
of man are by far the worst he has to  
encounter—except man himself. The  
smaller the enemy the more deadly, from  
the elephant and the lion and the grizzly  
bear down to the bacilli of diseases which  
prey upon humanity in all parts of the  
world. The rifle has nearly ended man's  
war with his big foes of the wilderness.  
Science is giving him weapons now with  
which to fight the unseen destroyers that  
swarm all about him. In his dwellings  
and in his places of labor and pleasure  
alike.

An Automobile Yarn.

From the Cleveland Leader.  
"When I was on the Glidden tour,"  
says a local bug—they all begin their  
stories that way nowadays, you know—  
"we struck a small town in Kansas. I  
needed a shave and I beat it to the vil-  
lages' only barber shop. I wore khaki,  
puttees, and goggles; also I was pretty  
muddy. It gave the barber an opening  
for the conversation.

"Are you a real chifloner?" he asked,  
facetiously.  
"No," says I, "but I'm a pretty good  
dresser when I'm at home."  
"He isn't next to it yet."

Hold on a Minute!

From the St. Louis Star.  
"I see," said Farmer Higgins, looking  
up from his paper, "where Sir Walter  
Scott—"

"Never mind reading me any of that,"  
broke in the portly Mrs. Higgins.  
"But you haven't let me finish."  
"You don't need to. This society news  
makes me fired, anyway. If Sir Walter's  
caught, I presume it's by one of them  
rich New York girls, just as usual, and he  
probably ain't got a cent."

His Proud Lip Curled.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
His proud lip curled.  
"You think you are clever," he sneered,  
"but I can see through you."  
And the next day she had her summer  
gown lined.

Now, Will You Be Good?

From the St. Louis Star.  
A Kansas City man has invented a ma-  
chine which kills 10,000 flies an hour. All  
you have to do is to train the flies to light  
on it and wait to be slammed.

Small Things.

From the Boston Traveler.  
We have noticed that it is usually a din-  
nerette that is served from a kitchenette.

## PEOPLE AND THINGS

## Kansas City's Levee.

Kansas City intends to protect itself  
against the occasional floods of the Mis-  
souri. It is proposed to build a levee  
eight miles long and of huge proportions.  
Because of its hugeness it will cost,  
according to estimates, \$2,000,000, and will  
protect only 4,150 acres, making the cost  
\$490 an acre, which makes it seem an  
extravagant enterprise until one reflects  
that these 4,150 acres are in the midst  
of a big city, it is planned to make  
the levee twenty-two feet above low  
water, 170 feet wide at its base, and  
seventy feet wide on top. The great cost  
is due to these extraordinary dimensions.  
But if it is to be extraordinary in both  
size and cost, it will be equally extraordi-  
nary in the service it is to perform.  
For it is to be not only a double utility,  
but a convenience and ornament as well.  
Its sides are to be sodded, of course,  
and even the top is to be sodded, and the  
whole length of its crest is to be a bou-  
levard and walk, while railroad tracks  
will be laid a part of its extent. By this  
provision it will be easy to transfer  
freight directly from cars to the boats  
which ply the river.

Poetry in Polar Regions.

Explorers in polar regions may not  
carry with them a great variety of litera-  
ture. Lieut. Shackleton, who sought the  
south pole, in an address to a Browning  
society in London, showed a little book  
of Robert Browning that he carried  
throughout his journey. The book was  
wet by day and frozen hard at night,  
but its words were encouraging to the  
explorers and helped them through the  
dark and the cold and the storm. There  
were many messages which he found  
there, such as that from "Prospero":

Fear death—to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my eyes,  
When the snow gale, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe.

Beauty in Tears.

Tears are beauty makers. Such is the  
discovery of Dr. Lindahl, of Copenhagen,  
a bacteriologist. Not only do tears soothe  
the troubled spirit, he says, they sterilize  
the face and so prepare the way for  
comeliness. Tears contain a large per-  
centage of sodium chloride, and this  
cleans the eye and refreshes the delicate  
mechanism of the organ. Then as the  
tearful drops course down the face, they  
encounter millions of germs that harbor  
in the pores to the detriment of the skin  
and complexion. To put it in another  
word, tears are a natural skin cleanser,  
and regular baths of tears are directly ac-  
cessory to beauty.

Schools for Chauffeurs.

Manufacturers of automobiles are alive  
to the importance to their industry of  
lessening the number of accidents. This  
means the training of chauffeurs to a  
sense of their responsibility and for that  
purpose technical schools have been  
started. In New York there are two of  
these institutions, one sponsored by the  
Young Men's Christian Association and the  
other by the chartered association of  
automobile engineers. The course of in-  
struction lasts six weeks. In that time it  
is possible to teach a man of good intelli-  
gence all about an automobile so that he  
may take it apart and put it together, un-  
derstanding perfectly the philosophy of  
its construction. If, at the end of six  
weeks, he passes the examination, which  
is rigid, he receives a certificate or di-  
ploma certifying to his competency. The  
Young Men's Christian Association school  
has the past year graduated some 80  
pupils, and the other technical school al-  
most as many. Both these schools expect  
to have a larger number of pupils next  
winter.

A New Model Road.

A model road is the Hummelstown pike,  
near Harrisburg. It is made of a mix-  
ture of water gas tar, cement, liquid as-  
phaltum, road oil, carbolic disinfecting  
powder, sulphate of copper, and oil of  
wintergreen. The sulphate of copper is  
used to prevent the oils from becoming  
rancid, and the wintergreen counteracts  
the odor of the other technical school al-  
most as many. Both these schools expect  
to have a larger number of pupils next  
winter.

A New Model Road.

A model road is the Hummelstown pike,  
near Harrisburg. It is made of a mix-  
ture of water gas tar, cement, liquid as-  
phaltum, road oil, carbolic disinfecting  
powder, sulphate of copper, and oil of  
wintergreen. The sulphate of copper is  
used to prevent the oils from becoming  
rancid, and the wintergreen counteracts  
the odor of the other technical school al-  
most as many. Both these schools expect  
to have a larger number of pupils next  
winter.

A New Model Road.

A model road is the Hummelstown pike,  
near Harrisburg. It is made of a mix-  
ture of water gas tar, cement, liquid as-  
phaltum, road oil, carbolic disinfecting  
powder, sulphate of copper, and oil of  
wintergreen. The sulphate of copper is  
used to